

The history

And comes not in ouerrulde by prophecies,
I feare the power of Percy is too weake
To wage an instant triall with the king.

Sir M. Why my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen,

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The speciall head of all the land together,
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuals and deare men
Of estimation and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my Lo: they shalbe wel oppos'd,

Arch. I hope no lesse, yet needfull tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, sir Mighell speed:
For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the king
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And tis but wisdom to make strong against him,
Therefore make haste, I must go write againe
To other friends, and so farewell sir Mighel. *Exeunt*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of
Westmerland, sir Walter Blunt, Falstaffe.*

King. How bloudily the sunne begins to peare
Aboue yon bulky hill, the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southren winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaues
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

Kin. Then with the loosers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester

King. How now my Lord of Worcester, tis not wel,
That you and I should meet ypon such teames

As

of Henry the fourth.

As now we meete. You haue decei'd our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in yngentle Steele,
This is not well my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhale metcor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischiefe to the ynborne times.

Worst. Heare me my liege:
For mine own part I could be well content,
To entertaine the lag end of my life
With quiet houres. For I protest
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not sought it, how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleasd your maiesty to turne your lookes
Off fauor from my selfe, and all our house,
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you my staffe of office did I breake
In Richards time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was my selfe, my brother and his sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sware that oath at Dancafter,
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state,
Nor clame no further then your new false right,
The seat of Gaunt, Duke dom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aide: but in short space
It raine downe fortune showing on your head,
And such a floud of greatnesse fell on you,

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